had he not been placed in circumstances which compel him to exert himself in bodily or mental labour. There may have been mercy as well as judgment in that act of God by which he drove fallen m?n out of paradise. With man's present nature, an Eden would not have been suited to him as a place of habitation: so situated, he would have been obliged, under ever-recurring ennui, to say with Shenstone, in the midst of the earthly paradise in which he embowered himself, to lead there an existence as useless as it was wretched—" Every little uneasiness is sufficient to introduce a whole train of melancholy considerations, and to ₒ make me utterly dissatisfied with the life which I now lead, and the life which I foresee I shall lead/' We are convinced, besides, that if man were not obliged to toil for his bodily sustenance and comfort, his native restlessness would impel him to deeds which would throw society into hopeless disorder, and deluge the earth with blood.—

> " That like an emmet thou must ever toil,
> Is a sad sentence of an ancient date—
> And, certes, there is for it reason great;
> For though it sometimes makes thee weep and wail,
> And curse thy stars, and early rise and late,
> Withouten that would come an heavier bale—
> Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale." *

We are also aware that wars, while at all times evils in themselves, are often necessary evils—necessary to save nations from intolerable oppression and bondage. We believe further, that were all liability to bodily suffering taken away, this world would teem with crime terminating in the most excruciating mental anguish. We are convinced that man's exposure to bodily pain saves him from much torture of mind, and from vice which would render this world more offensive to pure spirits than the most infected lazar-house is to the man of sensitive organs and feelings.

Speaking of labour, Carlyle says, " How as a free-flowing channel, dry and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river, there **it** runs and flows, draining off the sour festering

water from the
roots of the remotest grass-blade, making, instead
of pestilential
swamp, a green fruitful meadow, with its ever-
flowing stream.
How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream
and its value
be great or small !"f But whence, we ask, this
mud-swamp

* Thomson's Castle of Indolence. f Past and Present.